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EDITED BY A HEATHEN IN THE INTEREST OF GOOD MORALS

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Charles B. Moore
Editor



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"THE DAMNED STUFF CALLED ALCOHOL."

I believe that alcohol, to a certain degree, demoralizes those who make it, those who sell it, and those who drink it.

I believe from the time it issues from the coiled and poisonous worm of the distillery until it empties into the hell of crime, death and dishonor, it demoralizes everybody that touches it.

I do not believe that anybody can contemplate the subject without becoming prejudiced against this liquid crime.

All you have to do is to think of the deaths—of the suicides, of the insanity, of the poverty, of the ignorance, of the distress, of the little children tugging at the faded dresses of weeping and despairing wives, asking for bread; of the men of genius it has wrecked; of the millions who have struggled with imaginary serpents produced by this devilish thing.

And when you think of the jails, of the almshouses, of the prisons, and of the scaffolds upon either bank, I do not wonder that every thoughtful man is prejudiced against the damned stuff called alcohol.

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

"Keep Church and State forever separate."—Grant.

"In no sense whatsoever is this government founded upon the Christian religion."—Washington.

"The divorce between Church and State should be absolute."—Garfield.

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WHIPPED BY DOCTOR

Anthony Comstock Seriously Injured In a Fight at New Haven—Rib Broken and Thigh Hurt.

Physician Resists Arrest and in Scuffle is Thrown or Falls Downstairs.

New Haven, Conn., Oct. 3.—Anthony Comstock to-day had the experience of his life in this city, according to his own statement. He left for his home in New Jersey with one broken rib and such serious bruises on his thigh that it pained him to sit down. As the active agent of the Society for the Prevention of Vice, Mr. Comstock for years has been conspicuously in the public eye because of his raids on dealers in lascivious books and pictures. His injuries to-day were received in a scuffle with Dr. J. J. S. Doherty, of 9 Sylvan avenue, a doctor of some prominence here and once a political power. The doctor is supposed to have thrown the crusader downstairs.

Mr. Comstock and Deputy United States Marshal Parmelee, of Ansonia, went to Bridgeport yesterday and arrested Dr. C. M. Denney, a dentist, on charges of sending objectionable pictures through the mail. They returned to this city, and Mr. Comstock determined to make one more arrest that he had planned.

He says that he had been in correspondence with Dr. Doherty, in reply to an advertisement in newspapers. Dr. Doherty conducts what he terms "St. George's Sanitarium." He is a specialist and is said to have a wide practice.

Mr. Comstock secured a warrant for Dr. Doherty's arrest on the charge of sending through the United States mail matter that was objectionable. Mr. Comstock went to Dr. Doherty's house. Mr. Comstock went in alone. He said he had corresponded with Dr. Doherty under the name of "D. Stanton, Asbury Park, N. J." and had sent for a pamphlet advertised by the physician. Copies of the correspondence and pamphlet were in the bag which Mr. Comstock carried. He said he carried it to prove his identity with "D. Stanton."

Mr. Comstock told the doctor he wanted the goods advertised in the pamphlet and it appears that Dr. Doherty went upstairs. Mr. Comstock assumed that his purpose was to bring the articles down, and as that was the evidence which he had come to seek, he decided to accompany the physician upstairs. Mr. Comstock informed Dr. Doherty in due time that he was in an officer and that he had come to arrest him. Dr. Doherty demanded the return of the articles, and upon Mr. Comstock's refusal a scuffle followed. Dr. Doherty accused what he wanted from Mr. Comstock and ran upstairs again with Mr. Comstock in full pursuit.

Doherty gained the landing first, and Mr. Comstock grabbed him by the heels. Both men fell, but the physician was first on his feet. Whether he struck Mr. Comstock or not cannot be ascertained, but in the successive scuffles Mr. Comstock was badly hurt, and in the fall down the stairway he sustained a fractured rib, injury of the thigh and numerous bruises.

Comstock ran to the door and called Marshal Parmelee. Together they again made a sortie upon Dr. Doherty, and this time diplomacy was tried, to which Dr. Doherty was more amenable than force. The physician accompanied Mr. Comstock to the office of United States Commissioner Wright, where bail was fixed at \$2,000. Dr. Doherty went to jail until bail was furnished by friends.

ZACHARY,

The Campbellite Sky-Buster, in Evidence Again.

The Lexington Leader contains an advertisement that runs thusly: HAYNES GOLD MINING COMPANY. Evangelist James W. Zachary has been in Pennsylvania, West Virginia and Ohio for a few days, lecturing, preaching and selling Haynes Gold Mining Stock.

He has sold over two thousand dollars worth of this mining stock and serves notice on Lexington investors that if they want any more of this stock at ground floor prices, \$25 per share (par value \$100), they should address him immediately at Lexington or call and examine samples of ore and assay certificates at 179 North Upper street.

I don't know where this Haynes-Zachary gold mine is, but that doesn't make any difference—almost any old place will do, and if you have any money to invest that you want to stay invested, James is the old boy you are looking for. James, until recently, edited a paper here in Lexington that was the only religious paper in Lexington, except mine.

James' paper was named "The Christian Quarterly." It was a good

name. The "Quarterly" came out four times a year; its subscription was a quarter a year; it was about a quarter of a paper and Zack was about a quarter of an editor.

His paper always carried a big picture of Ingersoll and me. It represented the Devil pulling a mask off that had on petticoats and was supposedly a lady angel, driving a very savage looking harpoon through my temples just below the shank of my bitocal spectacles.

Nearly the whole of his paper was about "Moore and Ingersoll." I never could tell whether or not the putting of my name first was intended as a sarcasm by James W. Such was legitimate, I suppose, as long as Ingersoll was alive, but it seemed hard on the poor man to keep it up after he was dead and not here to defend himself against James. Ingersoll died afterward. I never heard anybody say that this satire of James killed him, but many a man dies with a crushed heart that nobody knows about.

James' main graft was begging money for a missionary with a heathen name on him as long as your leg, that lived—so James said—away over yonder in the Orient, where I went, but I didn't hear any of them inquiring about James when I was over there.

James worked that missionary money graft a long time, all the Campbellite sky-busters knowing about it, but finally the Christian Standard, a big Campbellite paper in Cincinnati, has a falling out with James—one of those little brotherly spats that are liable at any time to occur between the clergy, when one thinks the other is getting more than his share of the swag, and the Christian Standard printed that there was no such missionary as the one with the long-as-your-leg name on him, that Brer Zachary was raising money for.

James was a great Republican, and the Government, therefore, hated to shut down on James' paper, but Zack's scheme was so gauzy that you could see through it like a mosquito bar, and so the Government told James that his "Quarterly" couldn't go through the mails like the Blade and other religious papers could, and James' "Quarterly" folded its little hands across its palpitating little breast, died, the death of the righteous, and 'neath the blue grass sod turned up its little toes to the daisies.

I was always very sorry for it, because it made a pretty good little advertisement for me by showing that in the opinion of a Blue Grass Campbellite preacher, I was a bigger man than Ingersoll. Of course, people at a distance may have thought that James was as big a man as little Jack Mack himself. Then James and another Campbellite preacher named Baker and a man named Taylor went into the "Investment Company" business. Taylor is in jail now and the grand jury indicted Rev. Baker on several counts, but Baker had made so much money that he is standing them off, and whether the penitentiary will see Baker and Taylor is yet to be decided.

When Zachary saw what was coming he got a missionary job away off yonder somewhere on the Pacific Ocean, until things cooled down, and now Zachary is back again, and has started a gold mine.

I never heard of it until I saw that advertisement, but I'll bet you it's a good thing—that is, for Zachary.

If Zack keeps on a little longer, I may not be the only Campbellite sky-pilot that got special opportunities to write a book called "Behind the Bars."

FROM "GOD'S REVIVALIST AND BIBLE ADVOCATE."

Buffalo, Ohio.—God has heard and answered prayer. The fire fell on the second night of the meeting, and three souls were wonderfully sanctified. Two of them (leading members of the Methodist Episcopal church) went leaping and shouting all over the house. Others were under deep conviction. God laid it on our hearts to start a real, Pentecostal Sunday school, and He blessed our efforts. Forty or more were present, and all wanted to join. Last night we had a wonderful service. Twelve came to the altar, and such weeping and groaning we never heard. Eight or ten came through to victory, some shouting, some crying, some laughing. It was a wonderful sight. The house was full, and deep conviction seemed to be upon nearly all. Pray that God will work here as never before.

Comment.—The above is from the above named newspaper, that somebody has sent me.

If Infidels were to cut any such high jinks as that people would say we were drunk or crazy, or both, and we would be stopped by law as nuisances. If we write a thing like that in one of our Infidel papers about Christians they will deny that it is true.

But there is one thing about that that I enjoy. You "uns up north claim that you are smarter than we "uns down south, but that lays it over anything for damfoolery that I ever saw in the South. Where are you Dr. Wilsons of Ohio?

One fare plus \$2 for the round trip to points in Arkansas, Indian Territory, Oklahoma, Texas and New Mexico via Rock Island System. Tickets on sale the first and third Tuesdays of each month. Let G. D. Bacon, D. P. A., Cincinnati, O., tell you about it.

MRS. HENRY REVIEWS

THE NATIONAL MILITARY CAMP, NOW BEING HELD IN KENTUCKY.

(By Josephine K. Henry.)

The National military camp now being held a few miles from Louisville, Ky., furnishes a subject for deep thought, especially among women. But I seriously doubt if this fostering of the military spirit has presented itself to the minds of any women, to make them ask the question: "What all this training in the art of war means to the motherhood of the American Republic?" The fostering of the war spirit is fraught with deepest import to women, whether they know it or not, and it should inspire acute and purposeful reflection.

These military maneuvers now taking place in Kentucky are on a more gigantic scale than ever attempted before. The amount of money required to hold this camp is fabulous, and thousands of our young men are called from a useful occupation to attend a school that teaches the art of human butchery, and instructs in the use of deadly weapons, so that they may artistically take the lives of their fellows, either in their own or foreign lands. The law of the land says: "Thou shalt not kill." Yet the military law issues an order for the assembling of the flower of our youth, to receive instructions how to become expert murderers. The military spirit produces two types of men, arch-tyrants and cowering slaves.

West Pointers are known to be the greatest of tyrants, and their military training unfits them to earn a livelihood in any channel of business. President Roosevelt believes in a large standing army, which does little but sit down and receive its pay, and exploit its military trappings. The President is mighty on the war-path, but he can't march up San Juan Hill, and then march down again, he can't lead a hunting party, and a large standing army, and a full baby carriage from which to recruit its depleted ranks, even if the laborers' dinner pail remain empty, is the policy of the man at the White House. The cost of the great military camp now being held near Louisville can hardly be computed, and what will it all amount to after it is over?

Beside the vast sum of money it will cost, it will demoralize the men in many ways, take from them their peaceful pursuits and the exposure will wreck the health of many of them. Some will doubtless lose their lives, and others date their moral downfall from this military experience. And how much all of this means to women! Yet they do not realize what influence all these things have on their destiny. Woman's greatest enemies are the priest and the soldier. They have trampled on her brain rights, preyed upon her brain and heart, kept her a cowering slave before the altar and the sword, and made targets of the children she has borne in anguish.

Yet how strange is it that woman even in the Twentieth Century surrenders her reason to the priest, and thinks him superior to all human creatures, in face of the fact that clergymen occupy a large place on the criminal docket, and have committed every crime in the calendar, while they command the "silence and subjection of women."

Men who wear the clerical garb or the soldiers' trappings have ever captured the admiration of women, while men of the noblest natures have been cast aside. The influence of these two classes of men over women accounts in great measure for the rank superstitions and the tyrannical and brutal spirit that are possessed by the American people. In spite of advanced education and material progress, we are a crime-ridden nation—victims of all the myths and superstitions of the ages. Every male child is born with a destructive and brutal nature, which delights in the possession of deadly weapons, and in taking the lives of birds and animals. Every boy is born with the idea that women are inferior creatures, and all this is caused by the mothers of the race canonizing the priest with the soldier. The military spirit is being fostered to an alarming extent in our country. Military drills with fire arms are used in many State and private schools, and even our public schools, and Sunday schools, have adopted them. Boys are dressed in uniform and guns put in their hands, and thus the brutal war spirit is instilled into our youth. Is it any wonder that there is a continuous carnival of murder throughout our land? Is it any wonder that our prisons swarm with murderers? Is it any wonder human life is so cheap?

The influence of this great National encampment now being held near Louisville can be evil, and only evil. Think of 20,000 men leaving peaceful pursuits to "play war." The claim is that this camp will raise the military standing of the army. According to the papers the "military standing" is

not all they are raising; they seem to be raising Cain generally, as the following press report will show:

"DRUNKEN SOLDIERS START TROUBLE."

"Wild Night" in Streets of Howard, and Provost Guard Unable to Control Rioters.

"Camp Young, Howard, Ky., Oct. 7.—A crowd of regulars and militia assembled on the Midway at Howard yesterday evening and started a "wild night" in a Jackson. There was pistol shooting and a general hubbub. The provost guards were too weak to control the drunken soldiery. It will be strongly reinforced and measures taken to prevent a repetition of the lawlessness."

Is this the best use men can be put to, when there is no war probable? There have been few wars in history that ever had a just cause and most of the wars waged by the United States have been unjustifiable. The wars against the Indians could have been avoided if they had been treated with in a just and humane manner. Instead of that, they were robbed of their lands, murdered, and are now almost exterminated.

The war between the North and South could have been avoided by wise statesmanship and just dealing with the slaveholders, but instead of that men clamored for the blood of their brothers until the land was soaked with gore, and that war was the nursery of the crime, murder, insanity and merciless avarice that are cursing and threatening the life of the American Republic.

The late Spanish war was a merciless and bold robbery on the part of the United States, and the diabolism, cruelties, and brutalities of our soldiery on a helpless, inoffensive people, language cannot express.

There need be no war if we have sober and wise statesmanship. I use the word sober in its fullest sense. Nations, like individuals, if they are unjust and go out to oppress and rob the weak, or to hunt trouble, will find it.

This holding of military camps, fighting sham battles and "playing war" is a worse than useless waste of time and treasure.

The nations of the earth are not going to trouble the United States if our people will mind their own business, and act with a spirit of fair play.

Is soldering the best use men can be put to? The countless graves of American soldiers and the grief that, like a culture, is preying on the hearts of some women who gave them birth, ask this question in the millions. No man was ever made nobler and better by being a soldier, but, on the contrary, millions have been brutalized, made moral bankrupts and physically wrecked.

When woman realizes her real condition, and thinks and acts for herself, even in the face of law and custom, she will be a mighty power in crushing the brutal military spirit of our day. The truly womanly woman will defy the "silence and subjection" theory of orthodoxy and withhold her support from the priest, and she will recoil with horror from the soldier in his gaudy military trappings, whose trade is that of a legalized murderer.

Let us hope that woman, under the beneficent influence of reason, is beginning to feel the direct antagonism that exists between maternity and the devilry of war. Let us hope that woman will soon realize the horror and grotesqueness of giving birth to children, watching over them with a thousand motherly hopes and fears, only to read some day the ghastly lines that they had become targets on the bloody battle-field.

Women are opposed by nature to war, but as they are robbed of their right to a voice in the State, they bear children in travail, and drink the cup of sorrow and anguish over their fate. Of all the abominations of our civilization, there is none so mean as that of forcing self-sacrifice on woman under the pretense that she likes it.

If thousands of women should assemble in a camp to "learn the art of war," and "have a wild night, a la Jackson," like the press reports the men in the National camp are doing, the world would ring with condemnation, and they would be declared a disgrace to their sex, and unfit for active and motherhood. And so they would be, but brutality, immorality and lawlessness have no sex. Every man at that National camp, or anywhere else, who reads this knows I am telling the truth.

O, that women would realize their power, and use it for all it is worth. If they would, the soldier would retreat in disorder and enter upon useful pursuits, and the cry of "To arms" be heard no more in the land.

One moral hero, or shero, is worth more to the world than all the military heroes of history. A grand National camp for the moral uplifting of our people, to learn the art of peace, would produce good results, and be an honor to our Nation, but a military camp to teach men how to be expert legal murderers is a disgrace to any nation that professes to follow "The Prince of Peace," which is a misnomer, for this so-called "Prince of Peace" is recorded as saying, Matthew 10: 34: "Think not that I am come to send peace on earth; I come not to send peace, but a sword."

And all this is called "Christian civilization." It does look like it is intensely "Christian," but where the "civilization" comes in it is hard to see.

Kentucky is called the "dark and bloody ground," and from the quantity of human blood that has been shed

on her soil, the name seems quite appropriate. Certainly Kentuckians need no instruction in the art of killing, and it seems strangely inappropriate to hold a National military camp within her borders.

REV. A. F. ALLEN,

THE BRUTE AND LIBERTINE

I print from the San Francisco Chronicle the exploits of the Rev. A. F. Allen, a rich married man.

If and man in the United States who is prominent in Infidel propaganda were caught in a piece of villainy of that kind every pulpit and religious paper would spread the news.

How many of them will tell about this dirty rascal Allen?

Of course, there are preachers and priests who are gentlemen and moral men, but, as a class, if the reports from the newspapers are any test, they are the dirtiest and lowest and vilest libertines of any calling on earth.

If Allen had been a negro he would have been burnt at a stake, and, being an intelligent white man, he more deserved to be burnt than an ignorant negro would.

PREACHER UNDER GRAVE CHARGES.

Mob Threatens the Life of a Man at Santa Paula Accused of Assault Upon Children.

Ventura, Cal., Sept. 20.—A. F. Allen, a Santa Paula Rancher, aged about 30 years, exhorter and lay preacher of the Free Methodist church, was arrested last night upon a charge of criminal assault upon the ten-year-old daughter of D. Richardson, a well-known rancher of this vicinity. Before morning three separate attempts had been made to take the prisoner from the Santa Paula jail for the purpose of lynching him, and only the determined stand made by the Marshal prevented the mob from the last attempt, made at midnight, from being successful.

Allen was arraigned this afternoon before Judge Titus and held to answer upon the charge, with bonds at \$15,000. Failing to secure bondsmen, he was remanded to the county jail, where he now is.

Mrs. Richardson claims that Allen's conduct has been reprehensible for the past year. She charges that by freely promising money he has lured no less than three other girls into his clutches. The names given are Drusilla Larson, aged 10; Nora Miller, aged 10, and Hazel Moore, aged 10. His conduct became known on Monday night and Mrs. Richardson, acting for the other three mothers, swore out a complaint.

The prisoner lives with his wife, who is ten years his senior. He is considered very wealthy.

WILSON'S ACCOUNT OF GIRARD COLLEGE STIRS A LEXINGTON WOMAN.

I don't very often go to Lexington, but I am just back from there. I met one of the most intellectual women of the town on the street.

She said to me: "I have just been reading Dr. Wilson's account of how the Christians have taken possession of Girard College. Somebody ought to get into that college and horse-whip these men."

I'M ALMOST GITTIN' RELIGION AGIN.

When I heard of Mayor Ackerman whipping Sam Jones, and then, right on top of that, Dr. Doherty kicking old Tony Comstock down the steps and breaking one of his ribs, I tell you, brethren, it shakes my Infidelity, and I am almost "gittin' religion agin." Looks like the Lord's hand must be in the matter, and if something like that does happen to old Rucker, I am going to get me a job as a preacher again.

DON'T LIKE WHAT I SAID ABOUT HEARST.

A letter from Kent, Ohio, signed "J. F. Fenton, a subscriber," rips me up the back for having suggested Hearst for an Infidel candidate for President of the United States, because of what Hearst said against Athelists.

I think that editorial of Hearst was weak, and I so said and so explained; but Hearst is a deist. Infidel, I and come to me the most available candidate for President of the United States.

ONE-WAY COLONISTS TICKETS via QUEEN & CRESCENT ROUTE.

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